An Elegy upon his honoured friend Mr. *James Herrewyn*, unfortunately slain by a fall from his Horse.

WHo can Epitomize with Curious Eye,
Man in his End-lesse travels? and deny,
That Pleasing madnesse mortalls doth affect?
Who grasping shadows, substance do neglect:
Some, onely zealous riches to acquest,
And of a vast Estate to be possest,
Consume in care their Precious, Hastning Dayes,
Esteeming wealth and gold sufficient Praise,
And guerdon of their labours: whilst they merit,
Not what themselves, but others doe inherit:
Others pursue variety of Pleasures,
As onely *summa Bona*, chiefest Treasures:
Yet could the proudest Epicure ne're finde,
To satiate in these, his rest-lesse minde.
Not few, (yet something nobler) spend their Time,
Aspiring Honours slippery mount to clime;
Vulgar applause affecting, courting glory,
Ambitious to survive in long liv'd story:
Thus they applaud themselves, & dote, whil'st they,
Soone (as their frothy Titles) passe away.
Were Riches, Pleasures, Honours Blest Estate,
Free from the Lawes of all-controuling Fate,
Or were the Proud Possessors so sublime,
As'bove the Reach of all devouring Time:
Could we secure our selves in the fruition
Of these sub-lunar goods: were our Condition
Immutable, or we Immortall: then,
'Tshould be the taske of my unworthy Pen,
To write encomium's on the state of man:
But since tis no such matter: oh! who can
Account them wise, or sound in wits, who deem,
Ought in this wretched world worth our esteem?
Can store of Gold, or Silver, bribe the Hand
Of unrelenting *Mors*, or Countermand
His fatall stroke? can Oceans of Pleasure,
Protract our dayes? or adde ought to the measure
Of our Prefixed Houre? can Blooming age,
Or smooth-fac'd youth, entreat, perswade, engage
The Three-fold sisters to prolong their twine?
Should Temperance with propitious Nature joine
To save one wight, or sue a full Discharge,
From passing *Lethe's* lake in *Charon's* Barge,
'Twere vain: too sad an instance here we finde,
Our *Herrewyn's* gone! in Him they all combin'd:
Wealth, vertues, youth, what not? nor can our griefe
Revert his fate, or render us Relief.
A sad Catastrophe— In natures Course,
Scarce Half-way run: yet forced to unhorse.
Injurious Fates eclipse this rising light,
Before his noon, and far from thoughts of night:
Thrice Happy Hee: who dy'd, though few of years,
Fuller of vertues, then His friends of Tears.

James Godschalck.

An Acrostich upon Mr. James Herewyn, *Merchant.*

*I*nto this vale of Tears, this World, We have
A n onely Passage: to the silent grave,
*M*ore then ten thousand Paths, and differing Wayes.
*E*xamples too too many, these Worst dayes
*S*howre thick upon us: Some like fruits unripe
*H*arsh accidents (as Storms) from hence doe gripe:
*E*xcessive numbers gentler, lingring Pain
*R*educeth (whence at first) to Dust again.
*E*v'n the choice Sports, and Pleasures oft doe bring,
*W*hat there we least expect, a deadly Sting:
*I*t is no Paradox: Lo Here! a Wight doth lye
*N*ow sleeping: Loved Horses, and by Horse did dye.

James Godschalck.

Upon the Unfortunate Death of Mr. James Herrewyn *Merchant, by a fall from a Horse.*

I could lament thee, Merchant; but to grieve
Would doe thy Friends no good, nor thee relieve
Out of the snares of death; but yet i'le tell
The World how hard thy fate did with thee deal:
A Debt thou didst him owe; 'tis very true;
But now to call for't, though 'twere alwayes due,
Seemes very hard; fifty years hence I should
Have thought good payment; I am sure, death could
Have had a little patience, and have staid,
Considering what large sums the sword has paid:
He might have sent him notice by his thin
Fac'd Sergeant, sicknesse, and have warn'd him in,
To put in Bail; but for to Hurry him hence
A Horseback; and basely throw him thence
Into a silent Prison; all this done,
In the non-change-time of his age, is th' summe
Of Cruelty, and could not be past by,
With Patience; but that necessity
Compels. Well! seeing 'tis so, were all as I,
Wee'l call them fools, that fear, or love to dye.

John Sweeting.

We need no Spur, or mettl'd Horse,
Nature alone runs full Carreare,
Why such prepostorous haste Dire *Mors*?
Too soon w'are flying.
Too soon I say, 'cause *Herwin's* gone:
Th' hadst had some Pity left I'd sweare
If Him thou hadst Repreiv'd alone,
So soon from Dying.

But since, alas! thou hast bereft us
Of him, the Non-such of His age,
Since Hee alas, alas! hath left us,
Mors we Defie thee:
Th'ast but advanc'd him in His Way,
Where now Hee Rests above thy rage:
With Him t'associate, though to Day,
Oh who would flye thee?

Thy deadly spight can hurt no more,
Then He the wandring Wretch that brings,
T'a Land of Rest from Travells sore.
Can'st thou deny it?
We're Pilgrimes Here, we claim no right,
To these Terrestriall fading things:
Wee'l follow *Herrewyn* through thy Night,
T'a Morn of Quiet.

I.G.

To Mr. *Herrewyns* Friends:

Why doe you look so sad? your friend, you say,
Is gone to Heaven: had H'gone th' other way,
Or been sequestred 'twere cause of sorrow;
Besides to dye, may be your case to morrow. *I. S. 202.*

*pEB65. G5496.650e

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